

92  
Trophy icon

# FABLES

Part One of Two

WILLINGHAM  
LAPHAM



VERTIGO

♦ *Gobtown Crushers* ♦  
♦ PENNANT WINNERS ♦

Mar '10

suggested for  
mature readers  
vertigo.com

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Frog Bombers on that day.

The Gobtown Crushers held a two-run lead, with but one inning more to play.

EASY OUT! EASY OUT!

NO BATTER! NO BATTER!

COME ON, BOO! WHACK IT A GOOD ONE!

# Out to the Ball Game Part 1 of 2

**Bill Willingham:** writer/creator   **David Lapham:** guest artist   **Lee Loughridge:** colors   **Todd Klein:** letters

**Joao Ruas:** cover   **Angela Rufino:** assoc. ed.   **Shelly Bond:** editor

With our most sincere apologies to the good ghost of Ernest Lawrence Thayer for the heinous way in which we quite purposefully, with malice aforethought, mangled his beloved poem.





As this was for the Pennant, with the Crushers on a rout.

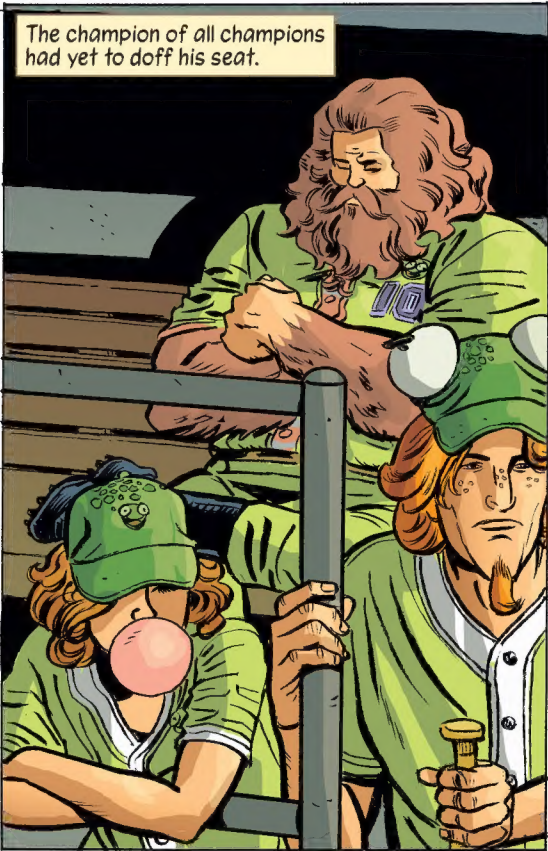
WELL, Y'KNOW...NOT LITERALLY.



But the Bombers fans weren't daunted full, nor lost in despair complete.

THERE'S STILL HOPE. WE AREN'T DONE YET.

YEAH--A MIRACLE IS STILL POSSIBLE. NOT LIKELY, BUT POSSIBLE.



The champion of all champions had yet to doff his seat.



They thought, "if only Weyland could get a whack at that--"

"We'd put up even money now, with Weyland at the bat."



But the King himself preceded Weyland, as did fair Riding Hood,

KNOCK IT OUT OF THE PARK, YOUR MAJESTY.



And the former was okay at best, while the latter was no good.

WE LOVE YOU TO DEATH, RIDING HOOD, BUT SIDDOWN! YOU SUCK AT BASEBALL!

YOU SIDDOWN, YOU BIG POOP!



So upon the loyal Frog Bombers fans grim melancholy sat,

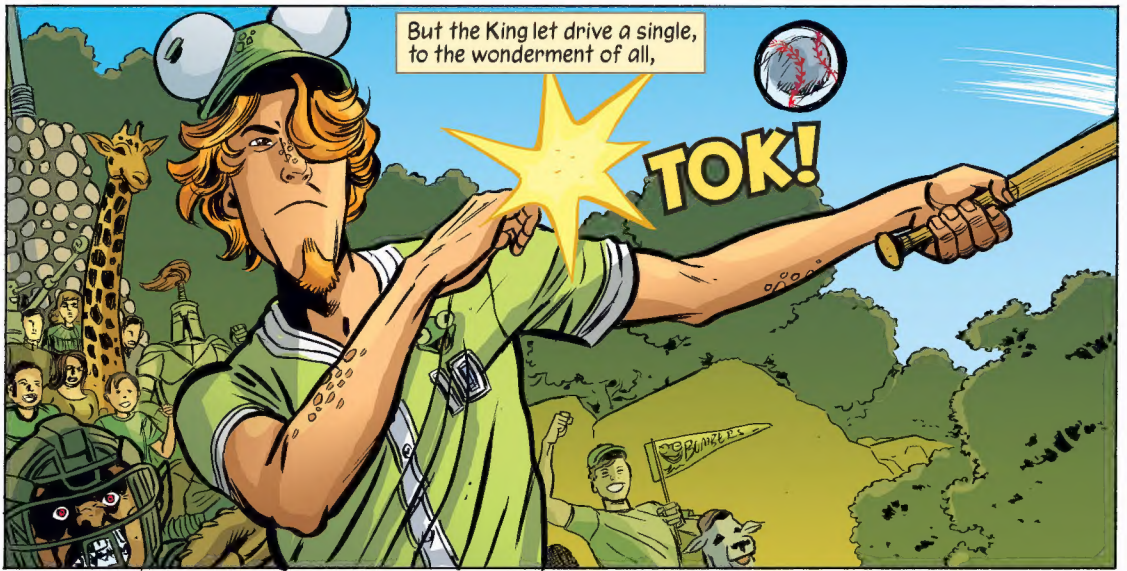
WE'RE DOOMED. IT'S ALL OVER NOW.



For there seemed but little chance of Weyland getting to the bat.

EASY OUT! EASY OUT!

MOVE IN, GUYS. THERE AIN'T NO SWING IN THIS KING!



But the King let drive a single,  
to the wonderment of all,

**TOK!**



And the much-derided Riding Hood  
fore the cover off the ball!

**POW!**

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

I GOT IT!  
I GOT IT!

CATCH IT, GRINDER!  
CATCH IT!

And when the dust had lifted,  
and all saw what had occurred,



There was Riding Hood safe at second  
and the King a-hugging third!

UNPOSSIBLE!



Then from two hundred throats and more,  
there rose a lusty yell.

SHE DID IT!  
SHE ACTUALLY  
HIT ONE!

WE'RE  
SAVED!

BOMBERS!

LOOK AT  
THOSE GOB PLAYERS!  
THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT  
HIT THEM!

THEY'RE GOB  
SMACKED!



It rumbled through the valley,  
it rattled in the dell.



It pounded off the castle,  
and recoiled upon the flat,



For Weyland,  
mighty Weyland,  
was advancing  
to the bat.

WHAT ARE  
WE GOING TO DO,  
MR. BRUMP? CAN YOU  
BEAT HIM?

I NE'ER HAVE  
B'FORE. WE HAD TH' GAME  
WON, MR. CUTLIVER. WE HAD  
TH' PENNANT IN OUR WARTY  
GRASP. BUT NOW--?





Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,  
And somewhere men are laughing, and little children shout,  
But there is no joy in Haven--mighty Weyland has *struck out*.

WELL, TO BE HONEST, THERE IS *SOME* JOY IN HAVEN CHIEFLY AMONG THE GOBLIN PLAYERS AND THEIR FANS. JOY AND REVELRY AND FAR TOO MUCH CELEBRATORY DRINKING.

THE GOBLINS WIN THE PENNANT!

THE GOBLINS WIN THE PENNANT!

# CONGRATULATIONS HAVEN CHAMPIONS

ADMIT IT, JOHN! YOU MISCALLED THAT LAST STRIKE! IT WAS LOW AND OUTSIDE--WAY OUT OF THE ZONE!

NO, IT WAS A STRIKE, FAIR. IT BROKE MY HEART TO CALL IT SO, BUT FAIR IT WAS.

CHEER UP, FLY. SURE, OUR TEAM LOST. THAT'S TOO BAD. BUT AT LEAST YOU *STILL* GET THE PRIDE OF BEING THE BELOVED KING OF THE TEAM THAT *WON*.

AND DID YOU SEE THAT *HIT* I MADE? THAT PERFECTLY GLORIOUS HIT? *DID YOU?*

THAT'S SOMETHING, I GUESS.

YOU *DID* IT, MR. BRUMP! YOU DONE 'IM IN!

THREE SWEET PITCHES AND IT'S ALL, "*SIDDOWN*, WEYLAND! YOU'RE NO GOOD!"





SPEECH!  
LET'S HAVE  
A SPEECH FROM  
THE KING!



WELL, THANK YOU.  
I'M NOT SURE I'VE MUCH TO SAY, EXCEPT CONGRATULATIONS TO THE WINNERS. IT WAS ENTIRELY DESERVED.  
I'M PROUD OF EVERY ONE OF YOU FINE GENTLEGOBS.



I WON'T BE MELANCHOLY ABOUT THE OUTCOME. WE DID OUR BEST, AND NO SUBJECT DESERVES TO HAVE A MELANCHOLY KING.  
BUT I WILL PROMISE THIS: NEXT YEAR THE FROG BOMBERS ARE GOING TO KILL YOU GUYS.



NO WAY, Y'GRACE, BECAUSE NEXT YEAR MY SOUTH HAVEN SPIRITS ARE MAKING IT BACK INTO THE SERIES!  
BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR ON THAT!  
WELL SAID, MICHAEL, WELL SAID.  
WHAT'S A DOLLAR?  
I DUNNO. SOMETHING THE HUMES KEEP ON THEIR BOTTOM, I S'POSE.

THE NIGHT WORE ON, AS DID THE CELEBRATION, UNTIL ALL OF THE REVELERS HAD FALLEN ASLEEP OR GONE HOME.

WILL YOU BE OKAY GETTING BACK TO GOBTOWN ON YOUR *OWN* THEN, MR. BRUMP?

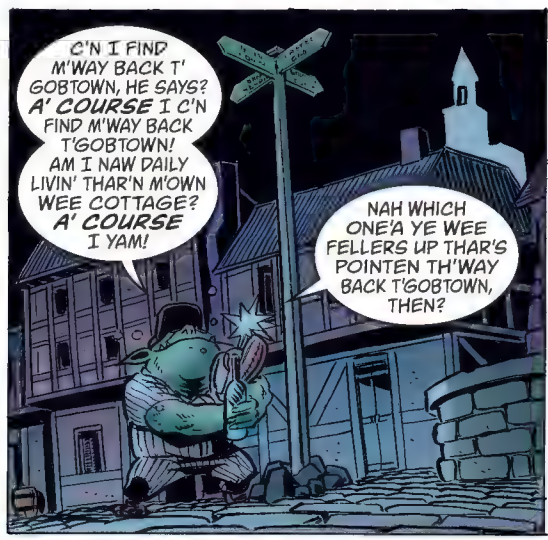
ALL BUT ONE, WHO DIDN'T WANT TO EVER SEE THIS BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE DAYS COME TO AN END.

I YAM FINE AN' FIT, Y'DAFTY ARM'R-ED-DED-DED FELLER, WITH YER POKEY WEE SWORD AN' ALL.

FINE AN' FIT, I SAY!

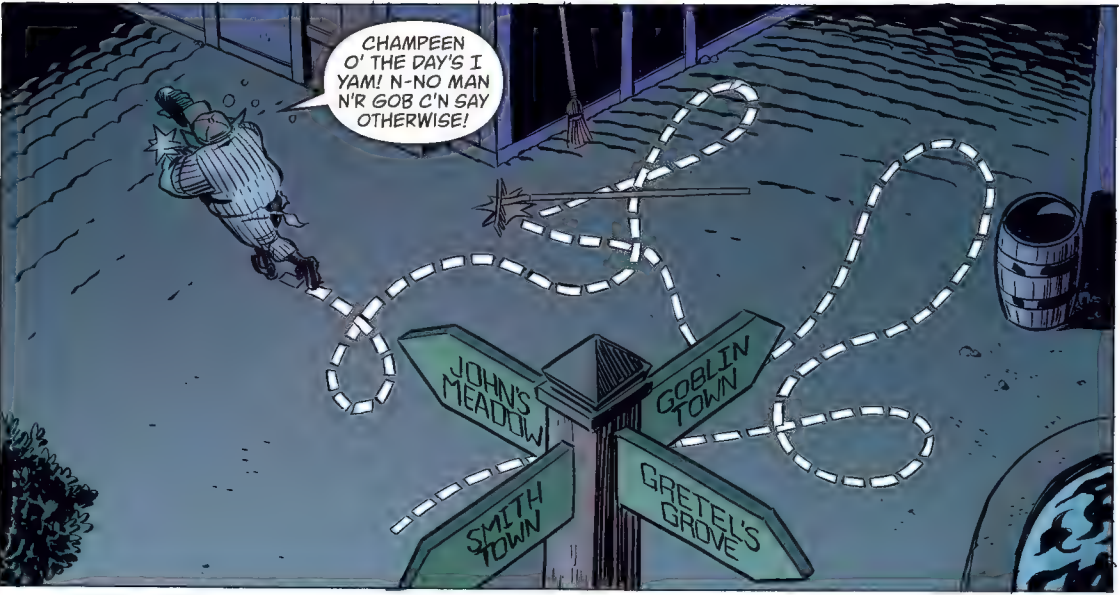


CHAMPEEN O' THE DAY'S I YAM.

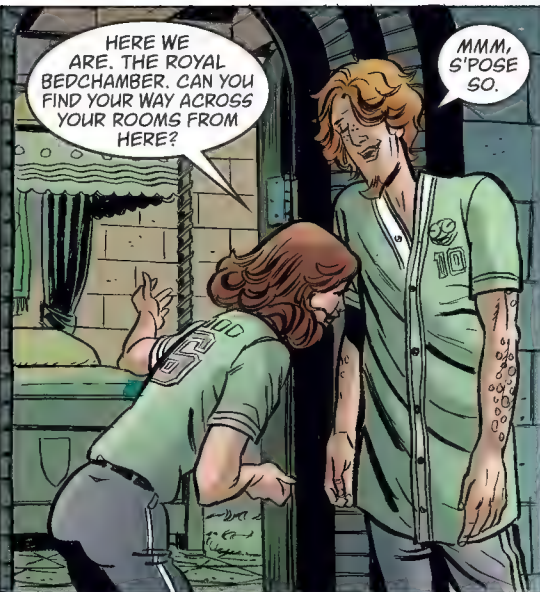
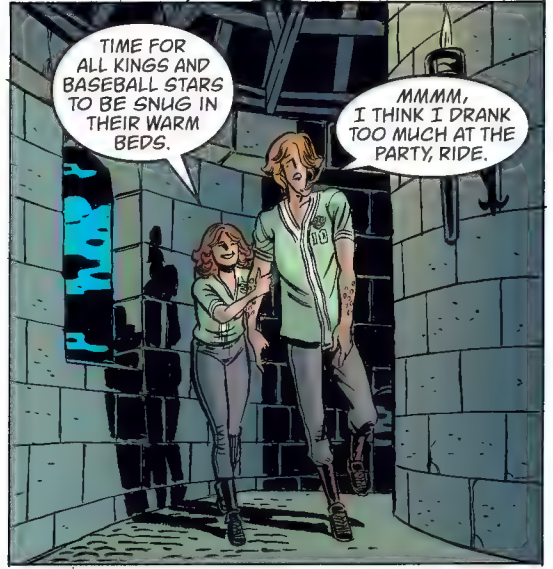
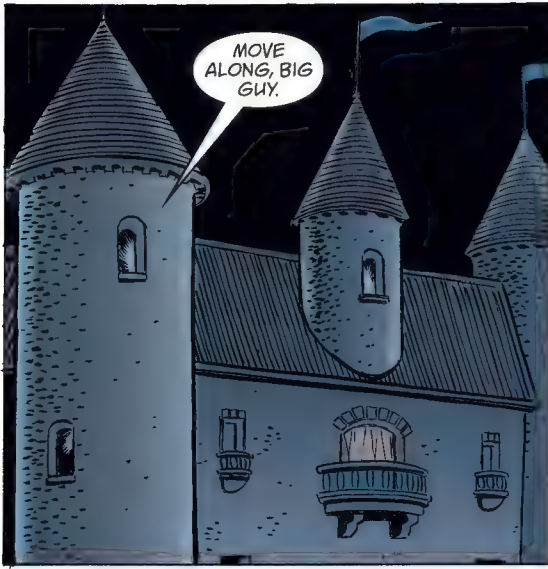


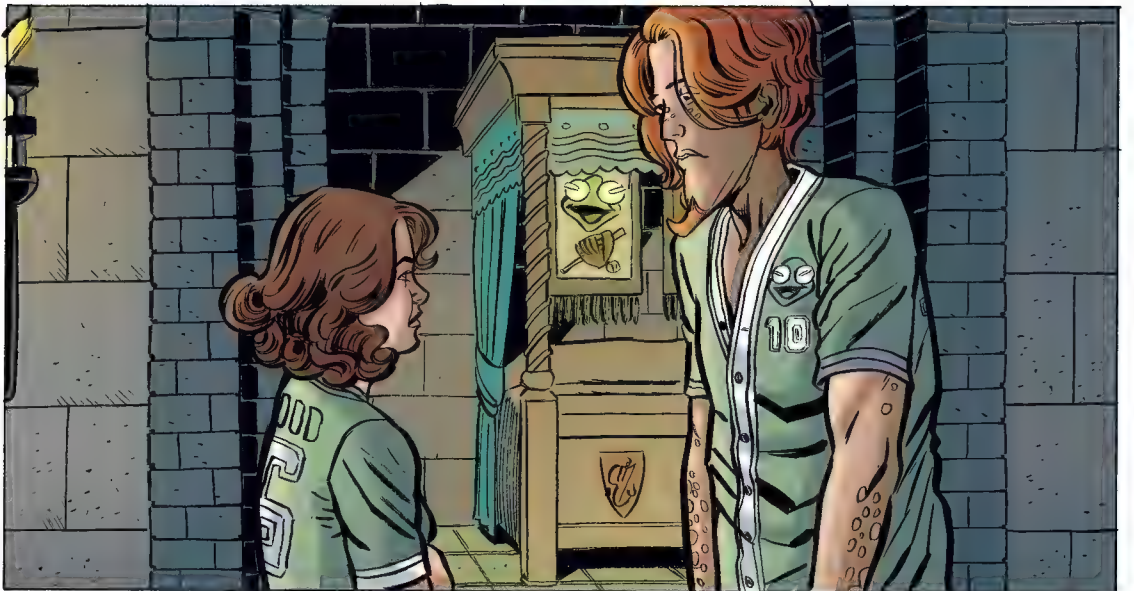
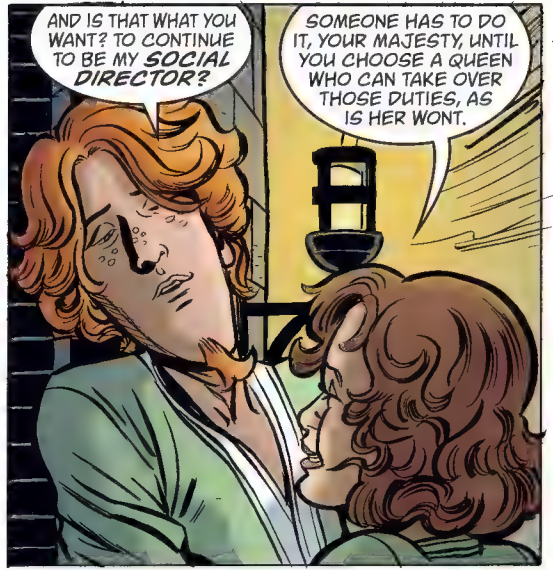
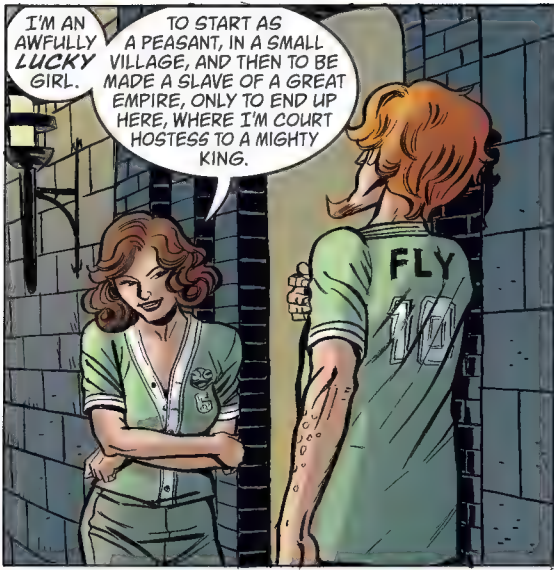
C'N I FIND M'WAY BACK T' GOBTOWN, HE SAYS? A' COURSE I C'N FIND M'WAY BACK T'GOBTOWN! AM I NAW DAILY LIVIN' THAR'N M'OWN WEE COTTAGE? A' COURSE I YAM!

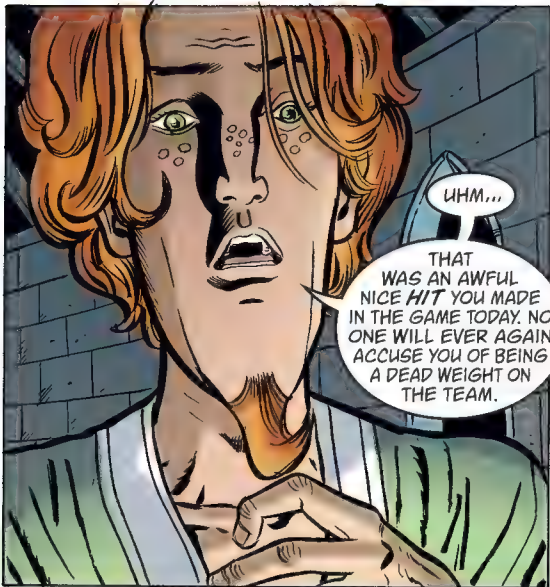
NAH WHICH ONE'A YE WEE FELLERS UP THAR'S POINTEN TH'WAY BACK T'GOBTOWN, THEN?

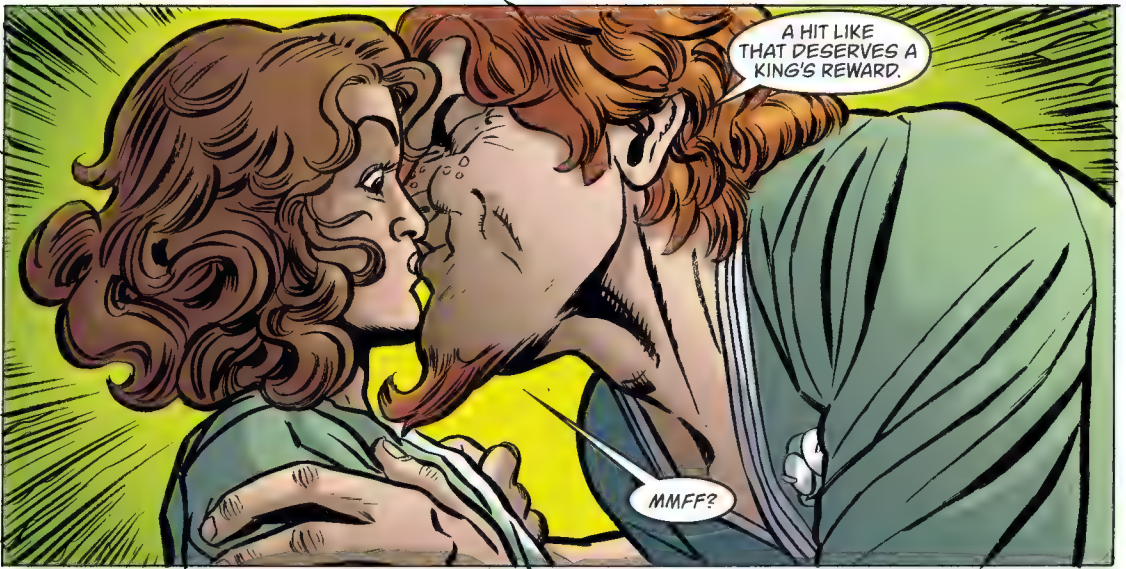


CHAMPEEN O' THE DAY'S I YAM! N-NO MAN N'R GOB C'N SAY OTHERWISE!







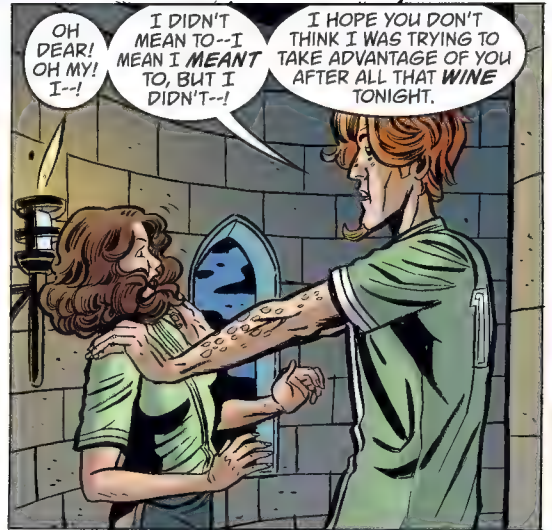


A HIT LIKE THAT DESERVES A KING'S REWARD.

MMFF?



MMMMMMMMM- MMMMMMMMMM



OH DEAR! OH MY! I--!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO--I MEAN I MEANT TO, BUT I DIDN'T--!

I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I WAS TRYING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU AFTER ALL THAT WINE TONIGHT.



HRRRMM

AMBROSE, NEITHER OF US HAD ANY WINE TONIGHT. OR BEER. OR ANY OTHER INTOXICANT. ARE YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK--



SUDDENLY I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

NO!  
NO! NO!  
NO!

THIS  
ISN'T  
FAIR!

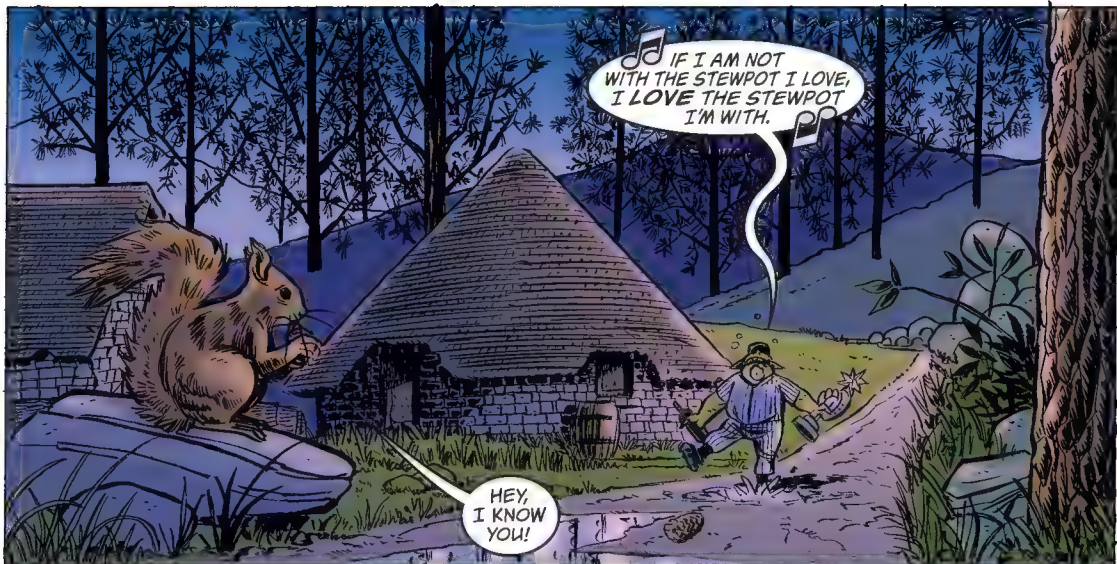
YOU SAID  
THE ENCHANTMENT  
WAS BROKEN AND THIS  
WOULD NEVER HAPPEN  
AGAIN!

YOU  
PROMISED!

→ribbit←







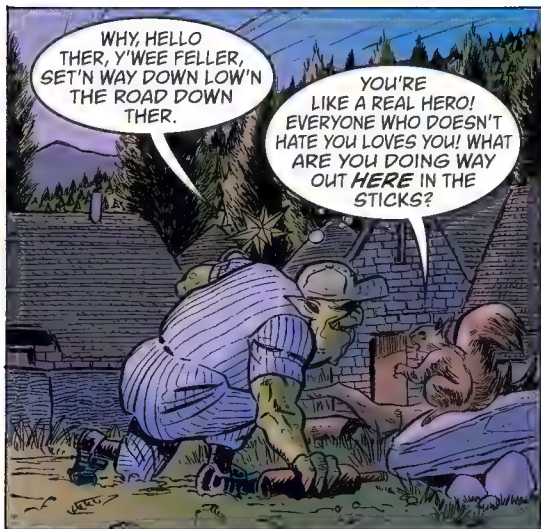
♪ IF I AM NOT WITH THE STEWPOT I LOVE, I LOVE THE STEWPOT I'M WITH. ♪

HEY, I KNOW YOU!



H-NUH? WAS THA' I HEAR? SQUEAKY WEE VOICES FROM TH' ROADSIDE FOLIAGE?

YOU'RE MR. BRUMP! YOU'RE THE GOBLIN WHO STRUCK OUT WEYLAND AT THE BAT!



WHY, HELLO THER, Y'WEE FELLER, SET'N WAY DOWN LOW'N THE ROAD DOWN THER.

YOU'RE LIKE A REAL HERO! EVERYONE WHO DOESN'T HATE YOU LOVES YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WAY OUT HERE IN THE STICKS?



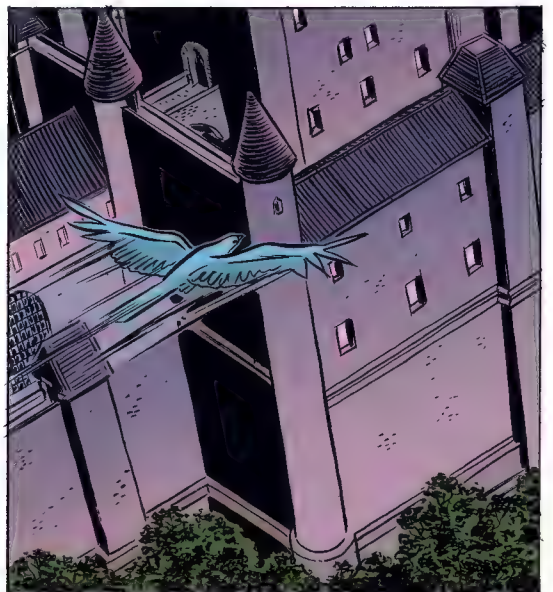
WHY, I YAM LOOKIN' FOR M'BREAKFAST, WHICH IS A-WAITIN' F' ME AH M'OWN COTTAGE.

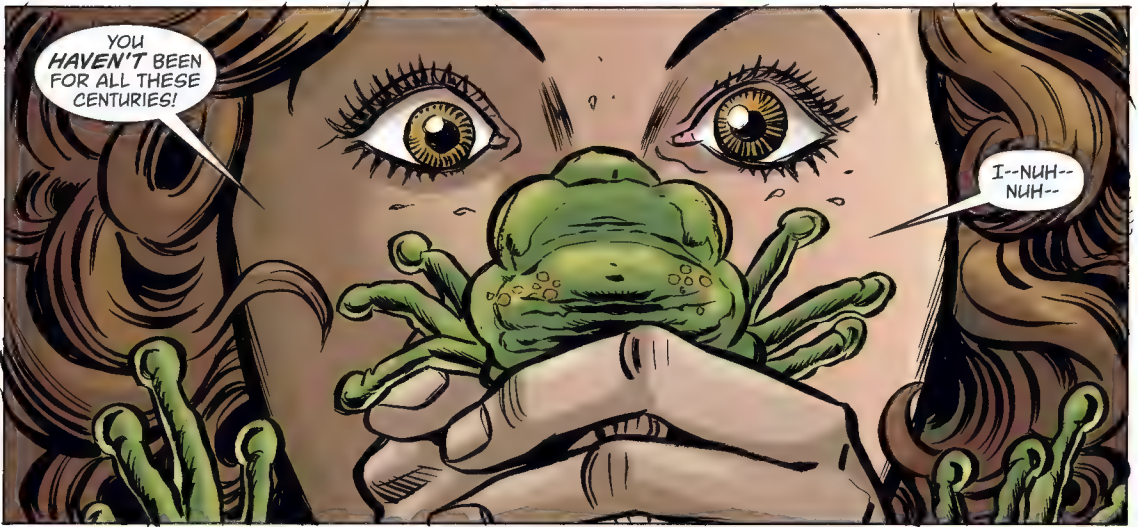
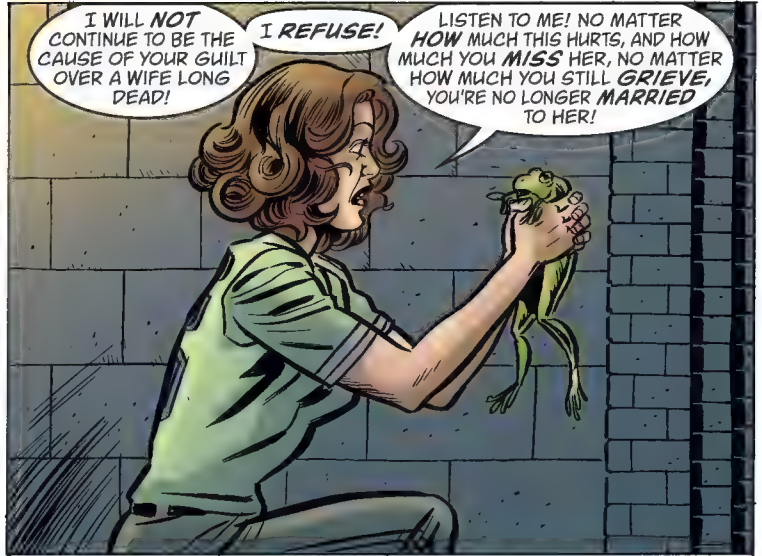
BUT I CANNA SEEM T' FINE M'OWN COTTAGE.

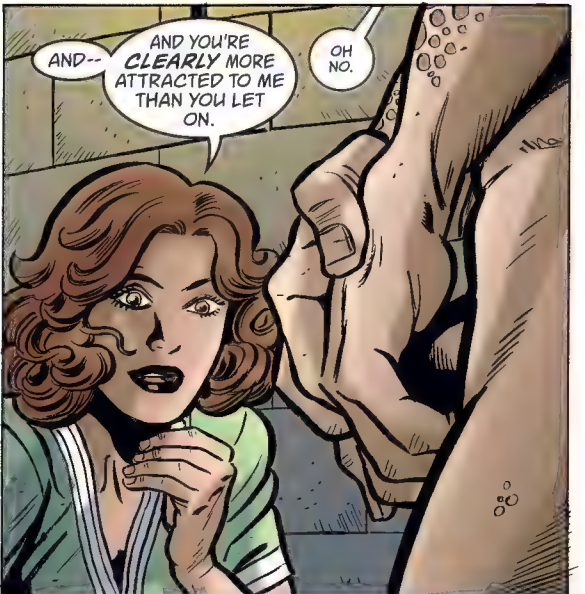
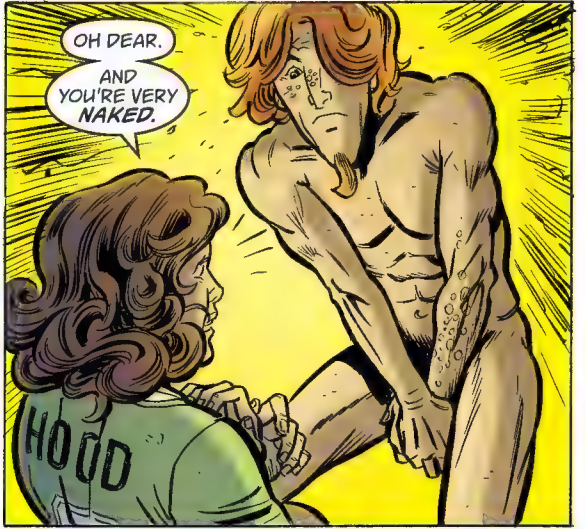
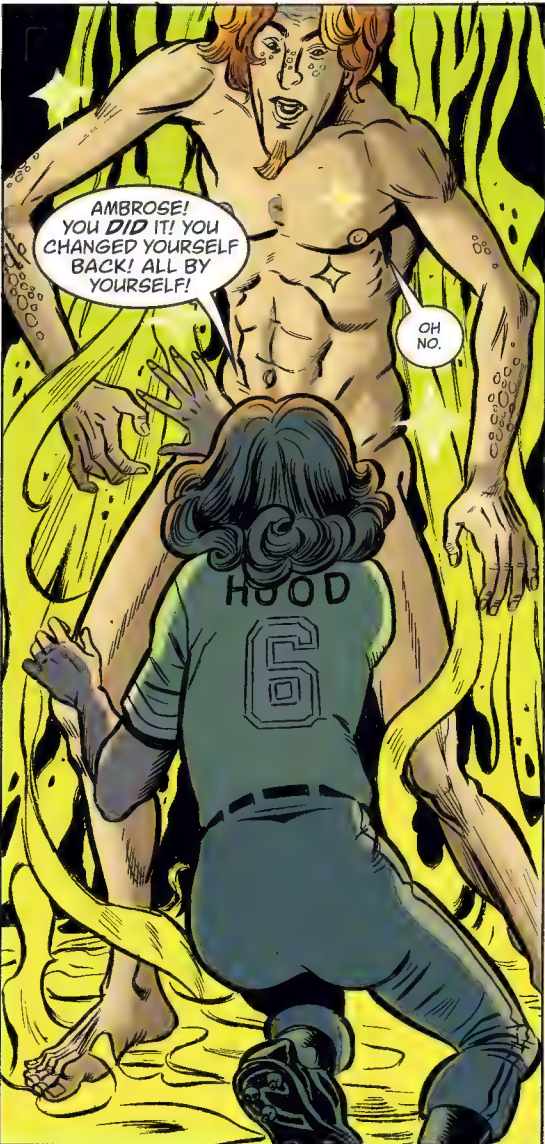
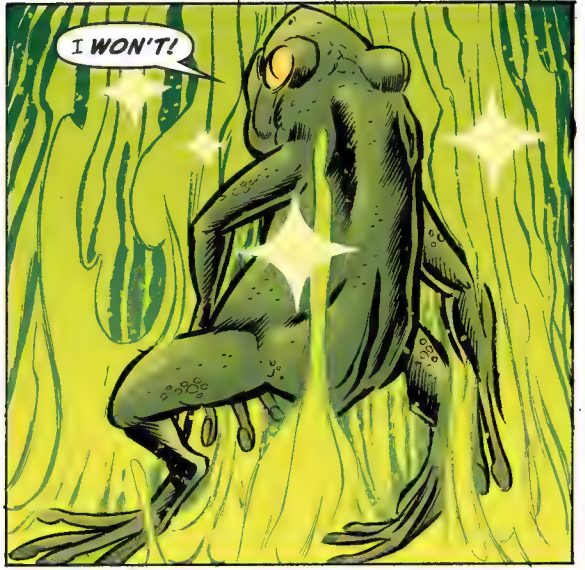


WOULDN'T IT BE A GOOD IDEA TO LOOK FOR IT IN GOBLIN TOWN, BECAUSE-- Y'KNOW-- THAT'S WHERE YOU LIVE?

LOOKA! YEW SUH SMART, 'N PLUMP, 'N RIGH DOWN THER INNA ROADWAY.









HEY!



HEY, MR. BRUMP?



MR. BRUMP, YOU NEED TO WAKE UP NOW.



HUH?

WHA' CUHD THIS BE NOW?

LEH 'N OLD GOB GEH A WEE BIT O' SLEEP AFTER A LONG NIGHT O' ROUGH CELEBRATIN'.

MR. BRUMP,  
YOU'VE BEEN OBSERVED  
AND ACCUSED OF COMMITTING  
AN ACT OF FOUL **MURDER**  
AGAINST A SUBJECT OF  
OUR NOBLE KING.

I'M SADDENED TO  
SAY WE'LL NEED TO PLACE YOU  
UNDER ARREST, UNTIL THE **TRUTH**  
OF THE MATTER CAN BE  
SORTED OUT.

WILL YOU  
BE COMING ALONG  
QUIETLY NOW, OLD  
FRIEND, OR WILL WE  
HAVE TO **COMPEL**  
YOU?

NEXT: ON TRIAL

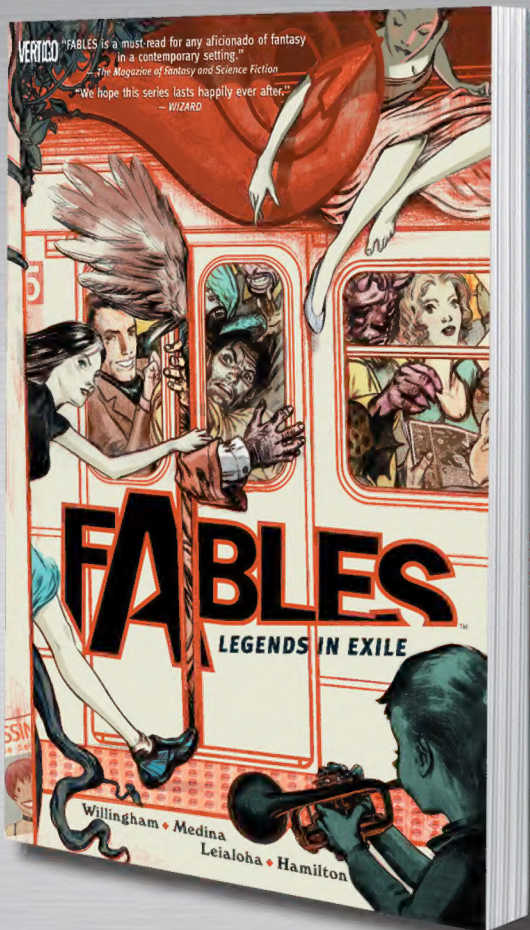
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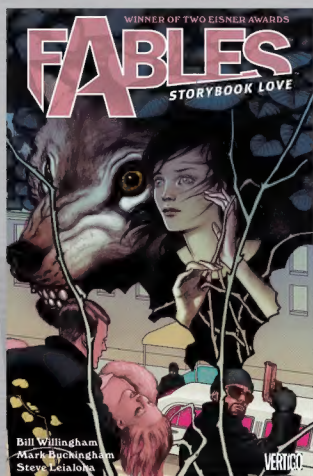
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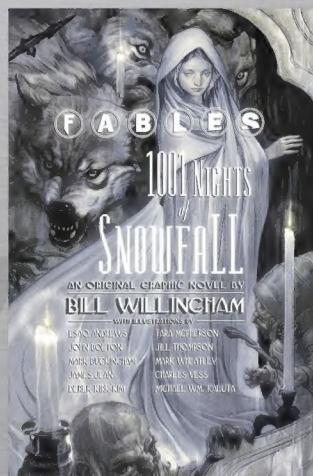
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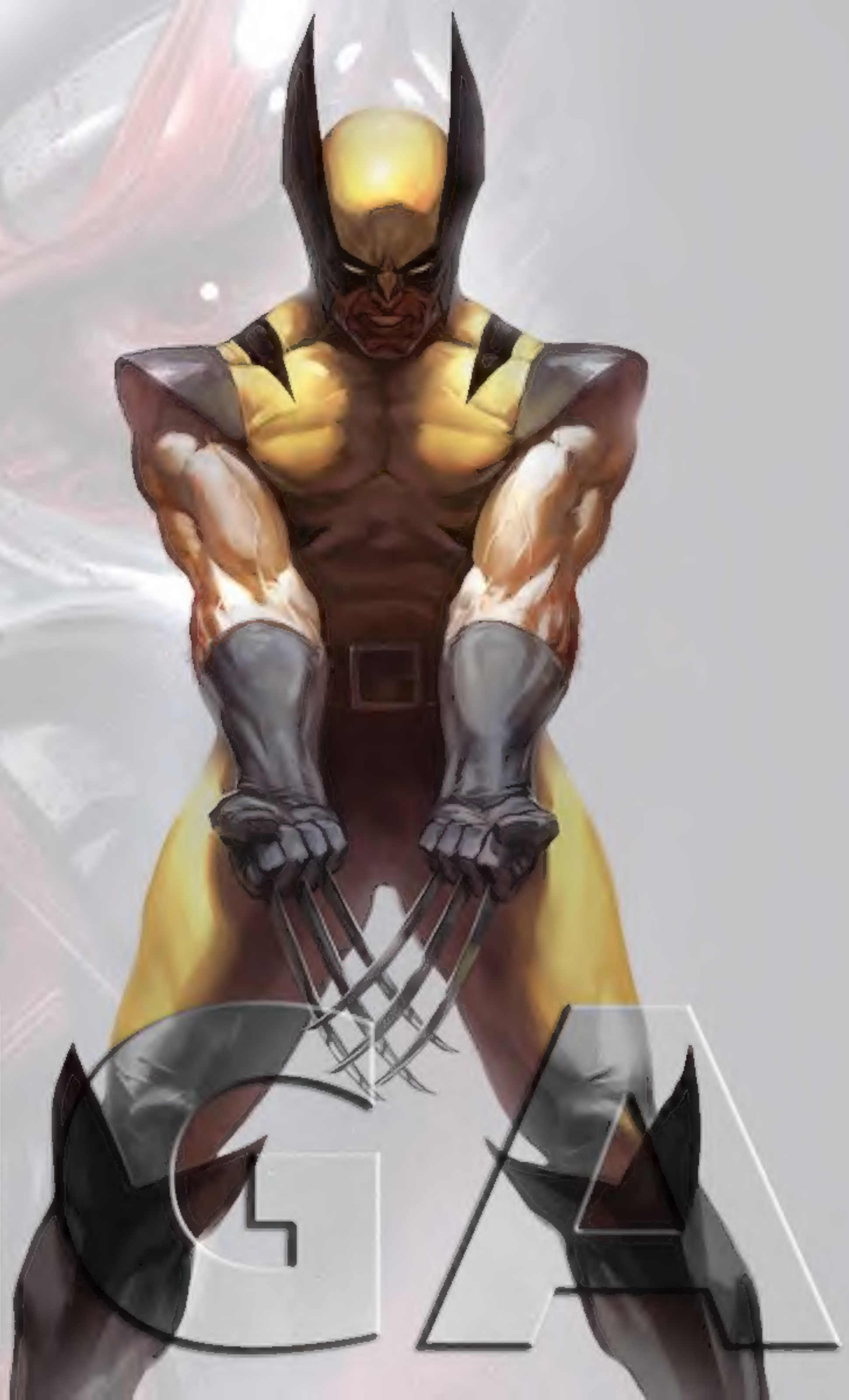


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